COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

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Rime of the Ancient mariner
by Coleridge

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THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE FIRST.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feaſt, and detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he ſtoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore ſtopp'ſt thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
"And I am next of kin;
"The gueſts are met, the feaſt is ſet:
"May'ſt hear the merry din."

He holds him with his ſkinny hand,
"There was a ſhip," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftſoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Gueſt is ſpell-bound by the eye of the old ſeafaring man, and conſtrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Gueſt ſtood ſtill,
And liſtens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Gueſt ſat on a ſtone:
He cannot chuſe but hear;
And thus ſpake on that ancient man,

The Mariner tells how the ſhip ſailed ſouthward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line

The ſhip was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the ſea came he!
And he ſhone bright, and on the right
Went down into the ſea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the maſt at noon—
The Wedding-Gueſt here beat his breaſt,
For he heard the loud baſſoon.

The Wedding-Gueſt heareth the bridal muſic; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a roſe is ſhe;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minſtrelsy.

The Wedding-Gueſt he beat his breaſt,
Yet he cannot chuſe but hear;
And thus ſpake on that ancient man,

The ſhip driven by a ſtorm toward the ſouth pole.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and ſtrong:
He ſtruck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us ſouth along.

With ſloping maſts and dipping prow,
As who purſued with yell and blow
Still treads the ſhadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ſhip drove faſt, loud roared the blaſt,
And ſouthward aye we fled.

And now there came both miſt and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, maſt-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful ſounds, where no living thing was to be ſeen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did ſend a dismal ſheen:
Nor ſhapes of men nor beaſts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a ſwound!

Till a great ſea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the ſnow-fog, and was received with great joy and hoſpitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Chriſtian ſoul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did ſplit with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman ſteered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen and followeth the ſhip as it returneth northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind ſprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In miſt or cloud, on maſt or ſhroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-ſhine.

The ancient Mariner inhoſpitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'ſt thou ſo?"—With my cross-bow
I ſhot the ALBATROSS.

PART THE SECOND.

THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in miſt, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind ſtill blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His ſhipmates cry out againſt the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a helliſh thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! ſaid they, the bird to ſlay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they juſtify the ſame, and thus make themſelves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun upriſt:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and miſt.
'Twas right, ſaid they, ſuch birds to ſlay,
That bring the fog and miſt.

The fair breeze continues; the ſhip enters the Pacific Ocean, and ſails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the firſt that ever burſt
Into that ſilent ſea.

The ſhip hath been ſuddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the ſails dropt down,
'Twas ſad as ſad could be;
And we did ſpeak only to break
The ſilence of the ſea!

All in a hot and copper ſky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the maſt did ſtand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We ſtuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ſhip
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did ſhrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Chriſt!
That ever this ſhould be!
Yea, ſlimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the ſlimy ſea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed ſouls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Joſephus, and the Platonic Conſtantinopolitan, Michael Pſellus, may be conſulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And ſome in dreams aſſured were
Of the ſpirit that plagued us ſo;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of miſt and ſnow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not ſpeak, no more than if
We had been choked with ſoot.

The ſhipmates, in their ſore diſtreſs, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in ſign whereof they hang the dead ſea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Inſtead of the croſs, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking weſtward I beheld
A ſomething in the ſky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a ſign in the element afar off.

At firſt it ſeemed a little ſpeck,
And then it ſeemed a miſt;
It moved and moved, and took at laſt
A certain ſhape, I wiſt.

A ſpeck, a miſt, a ſhape, I wiſt!
And ſtill it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-ſprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it ſeemeth him to be a ſhip; and at a dear ranſom he freeth his ſpeech from the bonds of thirſt.

With throats unſlaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we ſtood!
I bit my arm, I ſucked the blood,
And cried, A ſail! a ſail!

With throats unſlaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
A flaſh of joy: Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ſhip that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! ſee! (I cried) ſhe tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She ſteadies with upright keel!

The weſtern wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almoſt upon the weſtern wave
Reſted the broad bright Sun;
When that ſtrange ſhape drove ſuddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It ſeemeth him but the ſkeleton of a ſhip.

And ſtraight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother ſend us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How faſt ſhe nears and nears!
Are thoſe her ſails that glance in the Sun,
Like reſtleſs gossameres?

And its ribs are ſeen as bars on the face of the ſetting Sun. The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other, on board the ſkeleton-ſhip.

Are thoſe her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that Woman's mate?

Like veſſel, like crew.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her ſkin was as white as leproſy,
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was ſhe,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

DEATH, *and* LIFE-IN-DEATH *have diced for the ſhip's crew, and ſhe (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.*

The naked hulk alongſide came,
And the twain were caſting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth ſhe, and whiſtles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the ſtars ruſh out:
At one ſtride comes the Dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off ſhot the spectre-bark.

At the riſing of the Moon,

We liſtened and looked ſideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to ſip!
The ſtars were dim, and thick the night,
The ſteersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the ſails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright ſtar
Within the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the ſtar-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or ſigh,
Each turned his face with a ghaſtly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His ſhipmates drop down dead;

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor ſigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeleſs lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But LIFE-IN-DEATH *begins her work on the ancient Mariner.*

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it paſſed me by,
Like the whizz of my CROSS-BOW!

PART THE FOURTH.

The Wedding-Gueſt feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy ſkinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy ſkinny hand, ſo brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner aſſureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He deſpiseth the creatures of the calm.

The many men, ſo beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand ſlimy things
Lived on; and ſo did I.

And envieth that they ſhould live, and ſo many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

* For the two laſt lines of this ſtanza, I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his ſiſter,

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had guſht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as duſt.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the ſky and the sea, and the sea and the ſky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never paſſed away.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the ſtars that ſtill sojourn, yet ſtill move onward; and everywhere the blue ſky belongs to them, and is their appointed reſt, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the ſky,
And no where did abide:
Softly ſhe was going up,
And a ſtar or two beſide—
Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-froſt spread;
But where the ſhip's huge ſhadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A ſtill and awful red.

lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a ſilent joy at their arrival.

Beyond the ſhadow of the ſhip,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of ſhining white,
And when they reared, the elfiſh light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the ſhadow of the ſhip
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, gloſſy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flaſh of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love guſhed from my heart,
And I bleſſed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bleſſed them unaware.

He bleſſeth them in his heart,

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART THE FIFTH.

OH ſleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle ſleep from Heaven,
That ſlid into my soul.

The ſilly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreſhed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And ſtill my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was ſo light—almoſt
I thought that I had died in ſleep,
And was a bleſſed ghoſt.

He heareth ſounds and ſeeth ſtrange ſights and commotions in the ſky and the element.

And ſoon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its ſound it ſhook the ſails,
That were ſo thin and ſere.

The upper air burſt into life!
And a hundred fire-flags ſheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan ſtars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the ſails did ſigh like ſedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and ſtill
The Moon was at its ſide:
Like waters ſhot from ſome high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river ſteep and wide.

The bodies of the ſhip's crew are inſpired, and the ſhip moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ſhip,
Yet now the ſhip moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they ſtirred, they all uproſe,
Nor ſpake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been ſtrange, even in a dream,
To have ſeen thoſe dead men riſe.

The helmsman ſteered, the ſhip moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were won't to do:
They raiſed their limbs like lifeleſs tools—
We were a ghaſtly crew.

The body of my brother's ſon
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he ſaid nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Gueſt,
'Twas not thoſe ſouls that fled in pain,
Which to their corſes came again,
But a troop of ſpirits bleſt:

But not by the ſouls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a bleſſed troop of angelic ſpirits, ſent down by the invocation of the guardian ſaint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And cluſtered round the maſt;
Sweet ſounds roſe ſlowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies paſſed.

Around, around, flew each ſweet ſound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the ſounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the ſky
I heard the ſky-lark ſing;

Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all inſtruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet ſtill the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the ſleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ſhip,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ſhip as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but ſtill requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of miſt and snow,
The Spirit ſlid: and it was he
That made the ſhip to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ſhip ſtood ſtill also.

The Sun, right up above the maſt,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute ſhe 'gan ſtir,
With a ſhort uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a ſhort uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow dæmons, the inviſible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit who returneth southward.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of miſt and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who ſhot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:

'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated;

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—

It mingled ſtrangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ſhip,
Yet ſhe ſailed ſoftly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with ſobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me ſleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glaſs,
So ſmoothly it was ſtrewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the ſhadow of the Moon.

The rock ſhone bright, the kirk no leſs,
That ſtands above the rock:
The moonlight ſteeped in ſilentneſs
The ſteady weathercock.

And the bay was white with ſilent light,
Till riſing from the ſame,
Full many ſhapes, that ſhadows were,
In crimſon colours came.

The angelic ſpirits leave the dead bodies,

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little diſtance from the prow
Thoſe crimſon ſhadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Chriſt! what ſaw I there!

Each corſe lay flat, lifeleſs and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a ſeraph-man,
On every corſe there ſtood.

This ſeraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly ſight!
They ſtood as ſignals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

This ſeraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the ſilence ſank
Like muſic on my heart.

But ſoon I heard the daſh of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I ſaw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming faſt:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blaſt.

I ſaw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He ſingeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll ſhrieve my ſoul, he'll waſh away
The Albatroſs's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of the wood,

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which ſlopes down to the ſea.
How loudly his ſweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cuſhion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-ſtump.

The ſkiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why this is ſtrange, I trow!
Where are those lights ſo many and fair,
That ſignal made but now?"

Approacheth the ſhip with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit ſaid—
"And they anſwered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and ſee thoſe ſails,
How thin they are and ſere!
I never ſaw aught like to them,
Unleſs perchance it were

Brown ſkeletons of leaves that lag
My foreſt-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with ſnow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the ſhe-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendiſh look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Puſh on, puſh on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ſhip,
But I nor ſpake nor ſtirred;
The boat came close beneath the ſhip,
And ſtraight a ſound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ſhip, it ſplit the bay;
The ſhip went down like lead.

The ſhip ſuddenly ſinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful ſound,
Which ſky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been ſeven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But ſwift as dreams, myſelf I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is ſaved in the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where ſank the ſhip,
The boat ſpun round and round;
And all was ſtill, ſave that the hill
Was telling of the ſound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot ſhrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raiſed his eyes,
And prayed where he did ſit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,

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Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I ſtood on the firm land!
The Hermit ſtepped forth from the boat,
And ſcarcely he could ſtand.

The ancient Mariner earneſtly entreateth the Hermit to ſhrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"Oh ſhrieve me, ſhrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit croſſed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony conſtraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghaſtly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I paſs, like night, from land to land;
I have ſtrange power of ſpeech;
That moment that his face I ſee,
I know the man that muſt hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar burſts from that door!
The wedding-gueſts are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids ſinging are:
And hark the little veſper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Gueſt! this ſoul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide ſea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himſelf
Scarce ſeemed there to be.

O ſweeter than the marriage-feaſt,
'Tis ſweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Gueſt,
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beaſt.

He prayeth beſt, who loveth beſt
All things both great and ſmall;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whoſe eye is bright,
Whoſe beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Gueſt
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been ſtunned,
And is of ſenſe forlorn:
A ſadder and a wiſer man,
He roſe the morrow morn.

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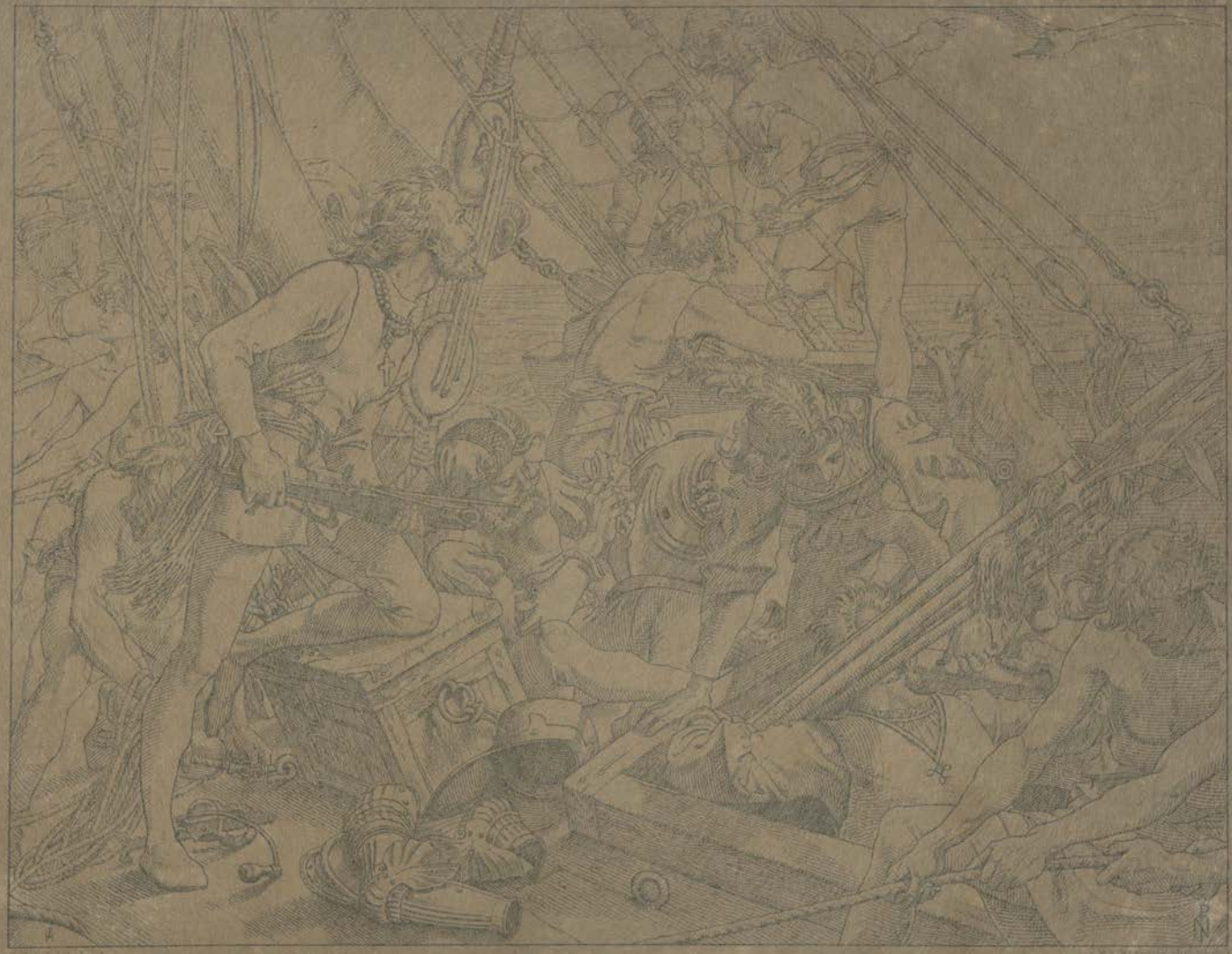

Ah! well a day what evil looks
Had I from old and young
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"The selfsame moment I could pray
And from mine own love cast Grace
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

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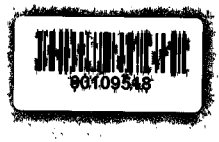
"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
(The pilot made reply)
I am afeared." "Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily

But in the garden darker grow the bowers
And orient-smelling lights are
And park-like the evensper bell
Which tinkles me to prayer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